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DECEMBER, 1881.

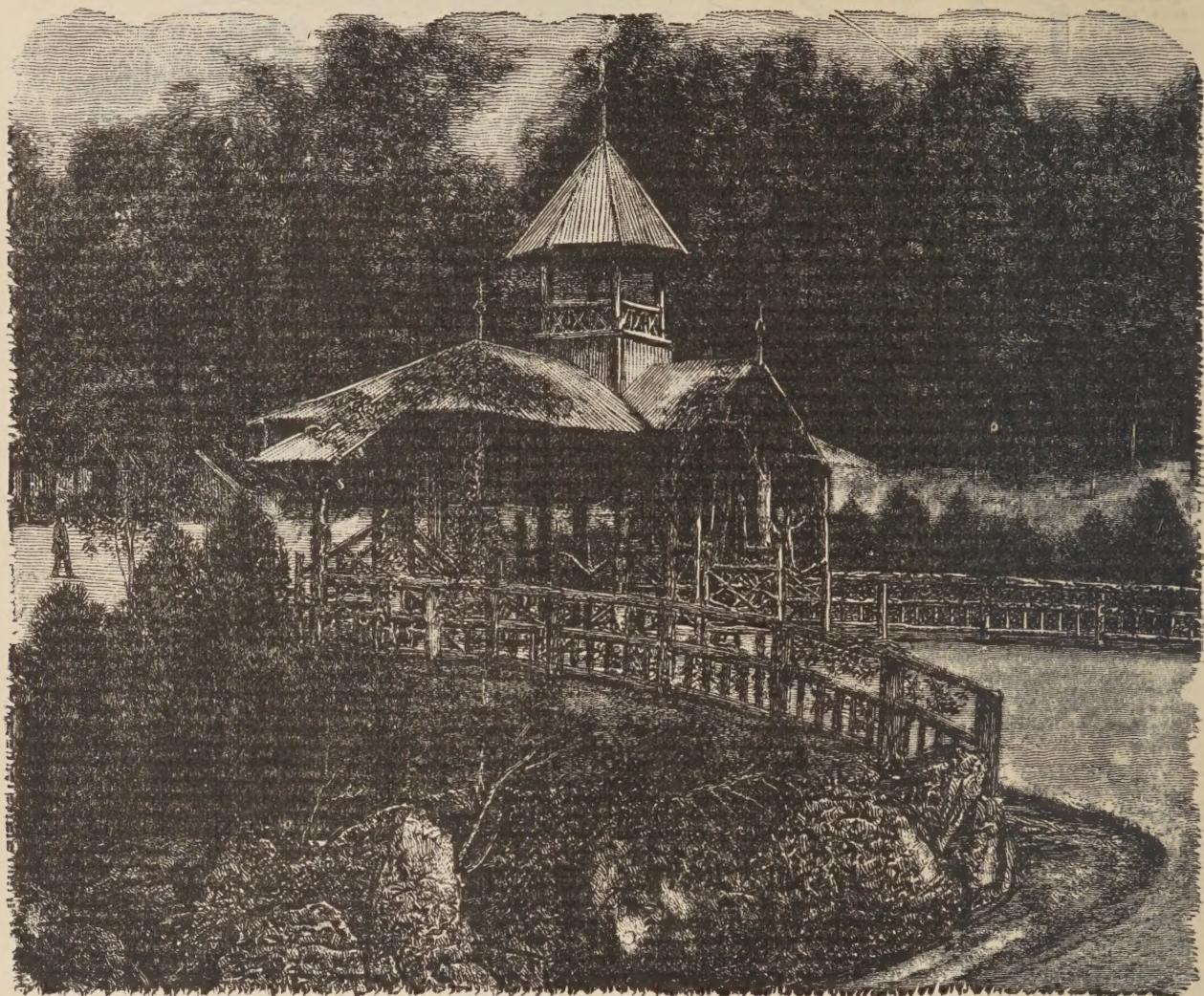
WITH THIS NUMBER we close the fourth volume of our MAGAZINE and the labors of the year, one of pleasure to us, and we hope of profit to all. The months and years roll rapidly away, and before this number reaches our readers we shall be earnestly at work upon the January number for 1882. The year about to close has been one of general commercial prosperity throughout the whole country. In the MAGAZINE for July we spoke of the remarkable way in which we had been favored with a series of abundant harvests, producing enough for home use and many millions of dollars worth of wheat and corn and cheese and meat to sell in the markets of the world. This seemed the more remarkable in view of the fact that most of the countries of Europe were complaining of a series of unfavorable seasons, bad crops, and general depression of agricultural interests.

Since then we have traveled through England, Holland, France, and Germany. The spring in Europe was unusually dry, and its effects were apparent upon the crops, particularly those of the seed-growers of Germany. In July the heat in England was about equal to our summer days, and very dry. Wheat looked well and everything seemed to promise a good harvest, but about the middle of August a rainy spell commenced, and all through the harvest a fine day was the exception.

How much the crops were injured we are unable to say, but the complaints of the farmers and the press were sad enough. Mr. LAWES, the best English authority, claims that, while England last year had to purchase half the wheat consumed, this season she will need to buy only one-third.

After we left home, early in July, very little rain fell until our return, on the 1st of September, so that we were somewhat surprised to find our lawns browned and many crops suffering from drouth. Early Potatoes, that matured before the drouth became serious, have done pretty well, but late kinds have not produced more than half a crop. The Cabbage crop in some sections proved almost a total failure. Taking advantage of this state of things, our Canadian neighbors are shipping freely, and the docks of the lake ports in this section are burdened with potato barrels. The New York City papers also report the arrival of Potatoes from Ireland and Cabbage from Germany. The civilized world has practically become so small and the civilized nations so near together, by means of easy, rapid and cheap communication, that deficiency in any place is soon supplied by sharp business men, eager to turn an honest penny, and therefore prices can remain high at any point only until the want can be supplied from other places.

A FOREST CEMETERY ON THE HUDSON.



ENTRANCE GATE.

Rockland cemetery is situated near Sparkill and Piermont, N. Y., and possesses especial interest for the lover and admirer of arboriculture and landscape gardening, in the fact that, while most leading cemeteries near the great cities are compelled to await long periods for the production of choice and beautiful ornamental trees, this place has, at the very outset, a prodigal or over-abundant supply.

While this remarkably beautiful burial place has really been in use as such for nearly forty years, it is only within a little over a year just passed that the hand of unstinted improvement has been laid upon it. The landscape gardener, Mr. F. G. MOELLER, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., who has charge of these grounds, has proved himself abundantly competent for the position. A redundant growth of forest trees has been removed to run the avenues; thus, instead of having to plant trees to ornament the grounds,

it has been necessary to skilfully clear them away. It was not merely the ordinary or deciduous growth that everywhere too greatly abounded, but, as may be noticed in the illustrations, the place was richly garnished with beautiful evergreen growths, Pines, Hemlocks, and Cedars, which are always considered indispensable in the way of ornaments to a city of the dead, and which are usually difficult to successfully establish.

In a ramble, recently, through this beautiful place, we came upon the workmen where a noble ellipse, or elongated circle, had been planned and was being laid off as a portion of the grounds for what is termed the "public," or general burial place, where single graves can be procured, as distinguished from the large, family lots. And perhaps one-third of the distance from either end of this ellipse was a stately, old, branching Pine, such as other burial places could not supply, perhaps, in a century; these splen-



INTERIOR VIEW ON MAIN AVENUE.

did evergreen specimens fairly matched each other as twin sentinels over these seemingly more lonely resting places on the mountain side.

Such a prodigal natural growth of splendid forest trees seems to markedly distinguish this place from most others of the sort in the land, and, besides, it may be noticed that everything in and about the locality seems in perfect harmony with the aspect of pleasant and grateful seclusion which forest vistas ever confer; here are the most charming glens and green and retired nooks, in close and pleasant contrast with rocky cliffs and far off glimpses of sunny and cultivated fields, and as the eye looks from these mountain paths, the senses seem absolutely carried captive with the startling loveliness and magnificence combined.

The changes that present themselves in quick succession as the visitor mounts from one rocky height or lovely spot to another, appear all but bewitching; for, whilst for the time being involved in a maze of winding avenues and forest

views, of rocky, grotto-like retreats, interspersed with charming, velvety lawns shining in their soft verdure, a single glance at some turn in the road transports the vision scores of miles outward, to farm-houses, church-steeples, rich fields and all that belongs to highly cultivated rural scenery, until the beholder knows not which most to admire as he stands spell-bound to the spot.

As the visitor still climbs the mountain side along the easy grade and skilfully engineered main avenue, the magnificence of the scenery is more and more manifest. Where, at a lower plane of observation, the eye only caught glimpses of the scenes we have attempted to portray, yet, as the way leads onward higher and higher, new pictures come into view. Blue hills rise into sight on the far distant horizon, and long stretches of shining water dotted with small sailing craft and steamers burst upon the vision. And when at last we have reached the high bluff which from the cemetery looks down upon the Hudson, more sublimely beauti-

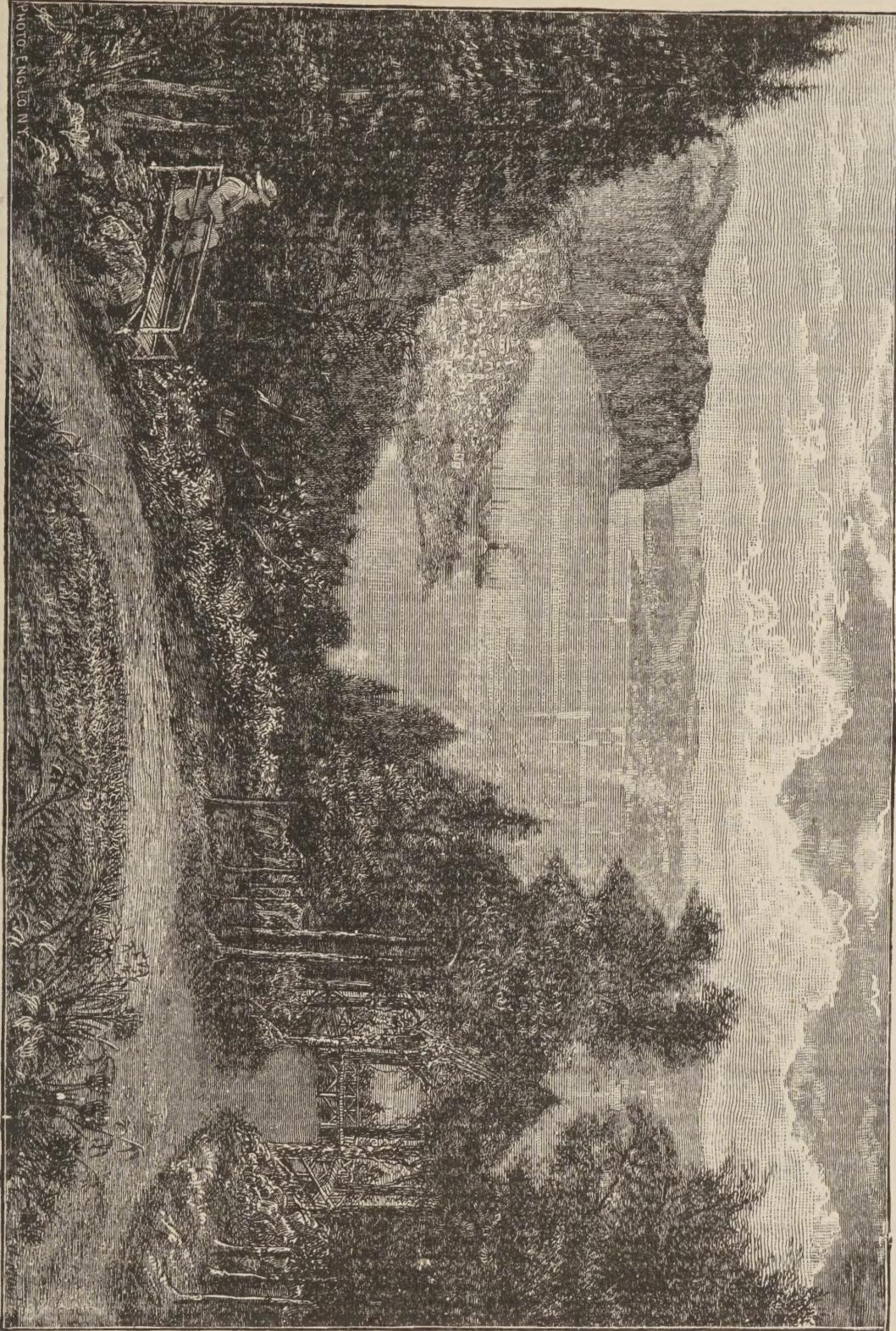


VIEW TO THE SOUTH FROM THE THIRD PLATEAU.

ful is the scene, as village after village challenges the attention, telling us of rich and happy homes, and the best products of high civilization and wealth and refinement all around.

For nearly forty years Rockland cemetery has been dedicated as a city of the dead, but only recently, under the pressing necessity apparent in the great city for new facilities for supplying her dead with resting places, has it attracted

marked attention. And so, the conviction once felt, several wealthy gentlemen, struck with the particular fitness and beauty of the place for the purpose indicated, concluded to take it in hand as a last home for their own families; and thus it was that improvement and development followed. Within but little over a year an expenditure of nearly fifty thousand dollars to beautify the place, with extensive plans for further improve-



VIEW TO NORTHEAST FROM THIRD PLATEAU.

ment, has conclusively demonstrated the strength and earnestness of their convictions. A force of about a hundred men, with teams, &c., have been engaged in the changes and improvements wrought. And it has not been without result. Already the attention of large numbers of people of taste and refinement has been drawn toward it, the movement quickened by the feeling that more and more it is to be depended upon to supply a great, increasing and pressing need. Held back from premature occupation, as it

were, by the circumstances we have indicated, occupied but to a limited extent hitherto by the rural populations adjoining, the pioneer for perhaps a greater movement has been seen in that the cemetery has already afforded a retreat, a refuge, for the remains of more than a thousand dead of a single church organization in New York City. Even now, many beautiful monuments adorn the place, the white marble shining out in strong relief against the dark green background of the Cedar and Hemlock and

Pine, which, as we have said, abound. We need only add, what is apparently a safe prophecy in the light of present movements, it cannot be long until this rarely beautiful spot will be a marked and cherished locality in the thoughts and affections of the people of the great city from which it is but an hour's journey.

THE GLADIOLUS.

The Gladiolus some years since stormed and took possession of the heart of the flower-loving public, but it is still extending the area of its control. The sub-varieties of Gladiolus now so widely cultivated are the product of crossing between *G. psittacinus* and a variety of this species known as *Gandavensis*, both of which came originally from South Africa. It is only about a quarter of a century since these seedlings first appeared, but during the intervening period they have multiplied indefinitely, and there is now no class of florists' flowers more numerous.

The specimens represented in the colored plate are from our stock of named varieties, and were selected both on account of their fine form and the contrast in colors. They are not superior to scores of others in the list, and probably fifty plates of the same number of sorts might be painted from our plants when in bloom that would show equal merit, and yet all be different. Nor is this all, we find a large proportion of the seedlings raised every year, even if taken without selection, to be well worthy of culture; this is especially so if one desires a quantity of bloom, since the mixed seedlings can be purchased at quite low rates. Many of the most select named sorts produce new bulbs sparingly, thus making more expensive the cost of producing them.

The Gladiolus presents a style of beauty peculiarly its own, making it a conspicuous object in the garden in summer and fall; its erect, lance-shaped leaves, the tall flower-spike, the elegantly formed flowers, with their soft, rich, glowing and often dazzling colors, make an array of combined attractions greater than those of any other of our garden occupants at that season.

The plants are raised with the greatest ease, since all that is necessary is to plant the bulbs in early spring in good

ground, and keep them free of weeds; they are subject to no particular disease or insect enemies.

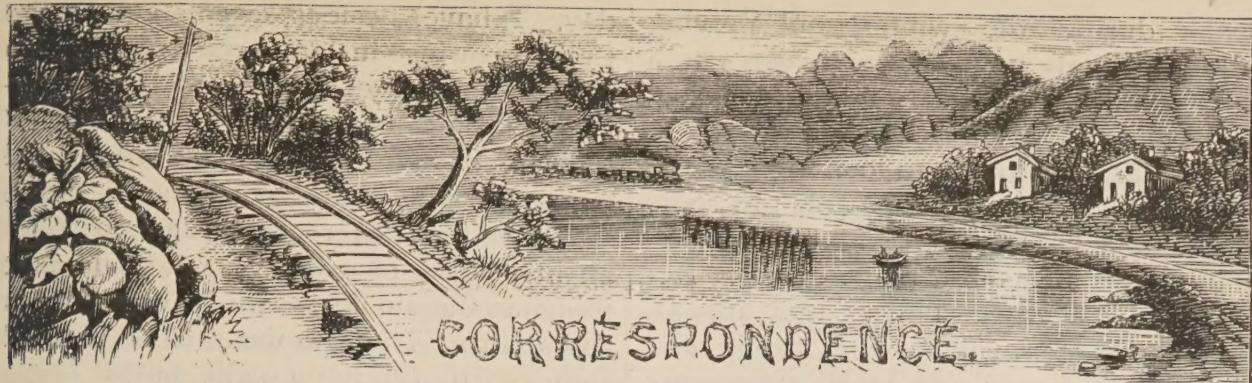
Each plant produces a number of new bulbs that, removed from the ground in the fall, can be kept dry in the cellar over winter without more care than potatoes. At the south, where there is no danger of freezing, the young bulbs can be transplanted singly in autumn into the places they are to occupy the next season.

If one has the patience and will give the necessary care, raising Gladiolus from seed will be found interesting. Two or three years culture will produce bulbs large enough for blooming; all will be different, and some of them quite good.

THE POCKLINGTON GRAPE.

The merits of the Pocklington Grape, a colored plate of which is presented in this number, have already been fully stated in our pages. The plate does not flatter the fruit; indeed, it would be difficult to do so, for it is remarkably beautiful. The highest quality is not claimed for this variety, but we find that it is very generally liked by those who have tested it, and it is considered to be superior to Concord, with which it bears comparison in hardiness, vigor, and productiveness, and ripens one or two weeks earlier. A white, or light-colored, native Grape with the qualities this variety possesses has been much desired. The Rebecca, on account of its deficiencies, has long since failed to command attention. From time to time new claimants for public favor have appeared, and, of these, Lady is probably the most worthy, still, not satisfactory. Some three or four years since, almost simultaneously, appeared the Niagara, the Pocklington, Lady Washington, and the Duchess. The last two are unquestionably the best in quality and are likely to prove of great value. The first two have been more widely tested than the latter, and both of them are apparently destined to take rank as reliable, standard varieties; their comparative merits have not been decided.

The Niagara, although now in the hands of a few vineyardists, to whom it has been supplied under limitations, is practically still held by its original owners; but the public probably lose nothing by first having access to the Pocklington.



CORRESPONDENCE.

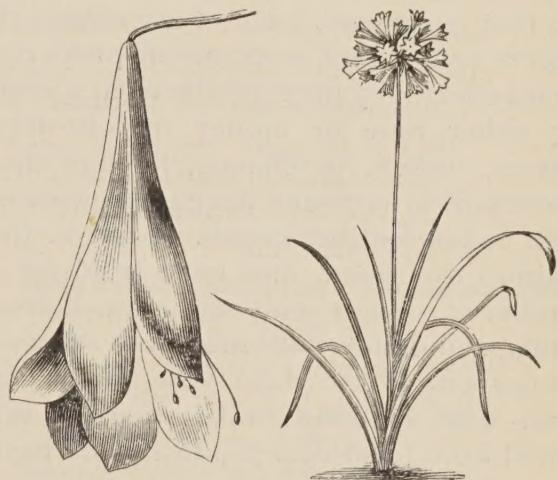
THE BLUE AFRICAN LILY.

The Blue African Lily, *Agapanthus umbellatus*, is a half-hardy plant, with tuberous, thick, fleshy roots, and flat, linear leaves, belonging to the natural order Liliaceæ. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, whence it was introduced in 1692. It is a plant requiring but little skill for its cultivation, and is also much prized. It can be easily wintered over in a light, dry cellar, or under the stage of a greenhouse, and is deserving a place in every collection. The flowers, which are produced in large clusters during the summer season, on a long, stout flower-stalk, from three to three and a half feet in length, are of a bright blue color, and each cluster consists of from twenty to thirty blooms. It is a plant of free, rapid growth. In order to obtain the most satisfactory results, it should be given abundant pot-room; it thrives best in a compost of two-thirds well-rotted manure, with a fair sprinkling of bone dust. The plant should not be allowed to become pot-bound, but be repotted as often as necessary, and during its season of growth, which is during the summer, be given an abundance of water; after it has ceased flowering, and its season of growth is over, water should be gradually withheld, and during the winter only enough be given to prevent the plant from becoming absolutely dry.

Propagation is effected by division of the plant. This operation is best performed in the spring, or when the plant commences to start into growth.

A writer in the *Horticulturist* for January, 1865, in describing this beautiful species, says: "As generally grown, it is thrust under the greenhouse stage in winter and left to take care of itself until the other plants are turned out in the spring, then it is put on the stage or set

out of doors, with no care to repot or enrich the earth. It blooms in August, and on the approach of frost is again put under the stage. We have grown this plant most successfully under two opposite modes of culture. It is admirably adapted for summer decoration out of doors, but, if planted in the garden, seldom blooms. We, therefore, in early spring, set in a tub made of half a barrel (an oil cask with iron hoops is the best) five plants, the largest in the center; let the soil be well-rotted manure and leaf-mold



—the plant is a gross-feeder and the soil can hardly be made too rich—set the tub out of doors as soon as all danger of frost is over, and water liberally once or twice a day, as may be necessary; the plants will bloom in August, and also throw off many suckers; let all grow together. In a few years the tub will be filled with a solid mass of roots, then water with weak liquid manure (cow dung and water is the best), and the plants will throw up fine spikes of bloom year after year, and will be a conspicuous feature on the piazza or in the lawn. The winter treatment is simply to remove the tub to a light, dry cellar, free from frost, just before the nights begin to be frosty; water once a

week during the winter, only giving about enough to keep the plants from shrivelling. Our other mode is: select a large plant, pot it in rich soil, as above, in a pot large enough to contain all the roots. As the plant grows and the roots touch the sides of the pot, repot, and continue to do so as the plant grows. Remove all suckers as soon as they appear. The flower-stem will be very strong, and the flowers larger and more numerous; winter the same as above."

In conclusion I can only say, if a person possesses a sufficient number of plants, I strongly advise him to place the plants in tubs and treat as above recommended. I have tried it and was pleased with the result.—CHARLES E. PARNELL, *Queens, L. I.*

A TEACHER AND HIS PLANTS.

MR. VICK:—A schoolmaster with about three hundred pupils and half a dozen assistants to look after has not much time to attend to the wants of many plants; and even if he had the time, the propensity that our people have of regarding all flowers and plants as common property, would effectually prevent him from spending either time or money on out-door flowers, unless, perchance, he has that wherewith to surround his garden with an eight or ten foot brick wall. I am in the position described, and have tried for a number of years to cultivate a few house-plants, sometimes with moderate success, oftener with none. Last year I tried my hand with Holland bulbs. Some I obtained from local dealers, and some from you. Among the latter were Oxalis floribunda, O. rosea, and O. alba, which grew so satisfactorily last winter and all this summer, being almost continually covered with bloom, and forming a mass of red and white and green in my office window which elicited the admiration of every one who entered. I say all this was so satisfactory, and the demands of the plants so moderate, asking little else than plenty of water, that I decided to try other sorts this year. I have six bulbs of five different sorts, which were planted toward the end of September, and one of O. Ortgiesi received at the same time. My stock consists now of the two varieties of floribunda in one pot, and Ortgiesi, growing nicely. Three of the six bulbs are up, and the other three are expected every

day. I have, besides, a splendid, large Calla growing in an ordinary wooden pail, and a pretty Cactus. All these commend themselves to me on account of their freedom from vermin and their small demands on my time. To be sure, I care for them, and never come home without an inspection of every one of them first thing, and again in the morning as soon as I am up. They get water when needed—the earth on the Oxalis bulbs being kept always moist, and that on the Calla always covered with water. At present, every other day is sufficiently often to water them, but in winter, when fires are in full blast, they will demand more. Once a week I give them a little guano, and at least once a fortnight a good sponging all over for the Calla.

I have full sets of the MAGAZINE, which I cannot do without so long as there is a dollar to spare for anything, and have read again and again what is said of Oxalis, but desire a little more information. In case of those I have, perhaps it will be more interesting to let the plants speak for themselves, but I should like to know whether there are any sorts of ever-blooming varieties other than floribunda and Ortgiesi, and hope that some one who has had experience in raising the Oxalis will give the information in the pages of your MAGAZINE. I have O. floribunda rosea, O. floribunda alba, O. versicolor, O. Bowii, O. multiflora, O. cernua plena, O. lutea, and O. Ortgiesi. Who can tell the names of the best sorts after those? If I succeed with those I have, I shall want to have more next year. I owe all my love of cultivated flowers to you, your books, and your seeds and bulbs, and only wish I had the money and the time to cultivate a great variety of them.—S. H. P., *Montreal, Quebec.*

THE POPLAR-TREE BORER.

Many years ago, when Rochester began to take its place among the growing towns, it was thought the place could be greatly improved by planting shade trees, and on account of its spreading top and graceful foliage, the Locust tree was highly recommended. Accordingly numbers of them were set out. After a few years trial it was found a borer was destroying them, and as years passed along matters grew worse, and finally the trees were

abandoned altogether; now only a few old dilapidated specimens of those early planted trees are to be seen. This pernicious insect is called the Locust-tree Carpenter Moth, *Xyleutes Robiniae*.

An insect closely allied to the above is now making sad havoc among the different species of Poplar. This destructive moth was discovered in 1879 and described by Professor LINTNER, State Entomologist. It was found at a small place called Center, a short distance west of Albany, and was supposed to be confined to that locality; accordingly, the new insect was named *Cossus centerensis*. Since the discovery of this species, the writer has taken especial pains to examine the Poplar trees in and about Rochester, and finds that most of them are affected, and some are entirely ruined by this borer. Most kinds of the small borers that transform into beetles work above the spur roots, but it is not so with this pernicious insect; it often works below the surface of the ground as well as above, thereby striking at the very vitals, and preventing the flow of sap. The habits of this species in the larval state are similar to the Locust-tree moth. The larva feeds on the solid wood, moulting several times, and finally stops feeding and transforms into a pupa of a light brown color. It is armed with transverse rows of teeth on each segment, which enables it to work its way to the surface when about to become a winged moth. In conclusion I would say that, of all destructive insects, none are so difficult to keep in check as the borers.—

ROBERT BUNKER, *Rochester, N. Y.*

DESTROYING BLACK ANTS.

MR. VICK:—I must tell you the trouble I had with black ants in my Verbena bed. In the spring I went to the greenhouse and bought five different-colored plants, thinking to have a gay bed right away, but found out very soon if I had I should have to fight for it, as the ants came in hundreds and took possession. I dug the bed over time and again, thinking that by disturbing the ants they would leave, but no. At last I thought of putting coal-oil on. So, taking the can, I went out, and as the ants worked around their holes, poured a little oil down, and it would kill the ants that it touched, but not instantaneously; by watching they could be seen to go off and die. I suppose that I

destroyed many hundreds in that way, but it took more than one trial to get rid of them, for when I put the oil in one hole they would leave and make another. So, by working in this way some time, I cannot say how long, they left the bed, and the result, a beautiful bed of Verbenas to pay for my trouble.—MRS. J. F. B., *Des Moines, Iowa.*

A ROYAL OFFERING.

A proud republic sits in grief,
A woman's heart is smitten sore,
For he, the nation's honored chief,
The dear companion, is no more.

The message flashed across the sea,
The sisterhood of nations heard,
The world's heart throbbed with sympathy,
And every royal pulse was stirred.

Among the rulers there was one
Who wore, perchance, the brightest crown;
Upon whose broad domains the sun—
Her people boasted—goes not down.

“Kind hearts are more than coronets!”
Her faithful laureate had taught;
Upon the truth her seal she sets—
The woman's life translates the thought.

Perhaps some tender memories blend
To stir the fountains of her heart;
She yearns some fitting gift to send
That shall her sympathy impart.

Some fitting gift! What shall it be?
A jewel bright as decks her crown?
The blazing gem were mockery
To those whose bitter tears drop down.

“Bring flowers, pale flowers,” that she may twine
A garland for the precious clay.
Then swiftly waft across the brine
The gift, against the burial day.

O, blessed flowers! when language fails
Before the sacredness of woe,
When every earthly honor pales
And heads are bowed in anguish low,

You softly come across the sea
A soothing message to impart,
And through your tender ministry
Soul speaks to soul, and heart to heart.

—L. V. ALEXANDER, *Forestville, Iowa.*

“BUGGY” SEED PEAS.

Professor BEAL, of Lansing, Mich., has been testing buggy Peas. His experiments in 1878 with two lots showed in one case that only two per cent. grew, and in the other about fifteen per cent. In ten separate tests made in 1879 an average of twenty-six per cent. grew. These results correspond with those in my experience, although, I am happy to say, it is some years since I have used any buggy Peas for seed.—H. F.

GARDEN WORK AND THOUGHTS.

"Fine feathers make fine birds." Irony was intended to be keen when this saying was first uttered, but, keen as it may have been intended, it contains enough of truth to dull its edge; at least, this is true when any general application of it is made to persons in a country like our own, where one's surroundings are mostly or wholly closely related to one's own efforts.

As your readers look back on the past season's cares and labors in the garden there is, to most of them, probably, a consciousness of a personal good attained in connection with any good horticultural result; and this consciousness is not that of mere self-satisfaction, but consists in the knowledge that they have conspired with nature, that they have worked in harmony with her laws, that to some small extent they have comprehended her aims and desires, of which a full comprehension and agreement is the great good. Thus horticulture is an ennobling pursuit. To have a handsome lawn, trees and shrubs growing in their natural forms, beautiful flowers and graceful vines, fine fruits and vegetables, all the result of one's own care, this indicates laudable refinement and self-culture that in some degree pervade one's life and are manifest in one's intercourse with his fellows. Persons with such tastes we may be sure are useful citizens.

Let us encourage each other in our horticultural tastes; let us look over our successes and our failures in the garden the past season, and make them incentives to better efforts in the coming year. How many of us have raised a single kind of plant in the perfection it is capable of? How few plants have we yet cultivated at all or appreciated their beauties? And yet new ones that we have never before heard of are presenting themselves continually and offering to charm us with their graces. In the kitchen garden it is the same, old friends not fully known, and new acquaintances ready to be made. New and beautiful trees and shrubs are waiting our admiration if we will only welcome them. Our grounds are ready to put on new beauties if we will give the fostering care.

The prospect both for the amateur and the professional gardener is bright. The growing demands of our population will

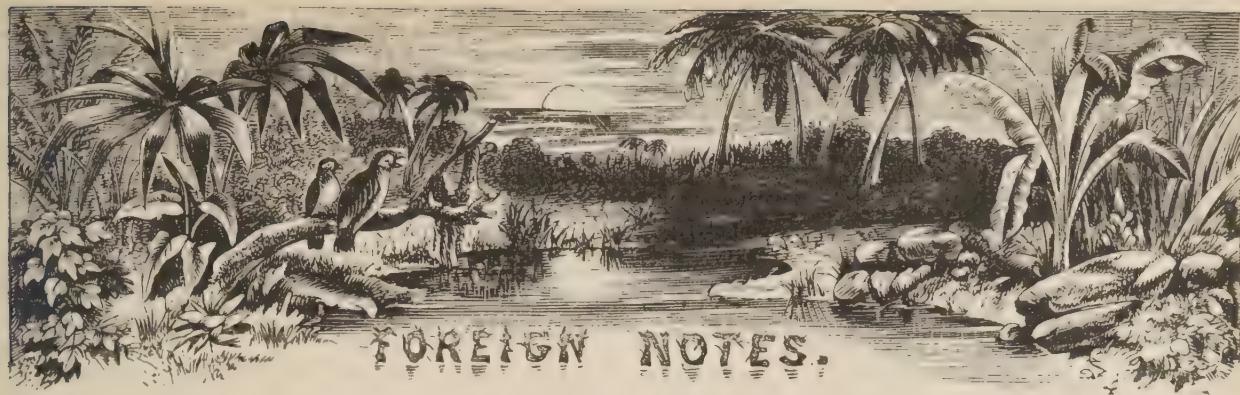
take the fruit and the vegetables, the plants and the flowers that many busy hands in every community can produce. Occasion will be found to exercise all the skill and to put in practice all the information that our garden experience of the past has supplied us with; but, not content with the old, let us promptly adopt new methods and new appliances that are superior, and never be satisfied with mediocrity in results.—GARDENER.

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PRESERVING PEACHES.

MR. VICK:—I notice in your last number an alleged discovery made by the Californian fruit growers in keeping fruit. These discoveries are frequently made by reading old books, in one of which I find that the French gardeners were, many years ago, familiar with the system now adopted by the Californians. Mr. W. ROBINSON, F. L. S., the author of a very instructive work, entitled *Gleanings from French Gardens*, wrote as follows, thirteen years ago: "Travelling one day by the Lyons railway, a French gentleman, who had been shooting, entered the carriage with his gun and game-bag, and we soon entered into conversation about horticulture. He told me of a new method of preserving the Peach in fresh condition a considerable time after it was ripe, and that it consisted of packing the fruit in bran, in boxes, and placing them in a cellar. He stated that by these means Peaches had been preserved in a perfectly fresh condition many weeks after the latest Peaches had been gathered from the trees, and that some which had been presented to the Emperor about Christmas, were mistaken by him for early forced fruit."

I regret to say that I have never tested this method, although frequently resolving to do so. If any of your readers have adopted it I would like to hear with what result.—R. O'HARA, *Chatham, Ont.*

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THE EARLY VICTOR GRAPE.—This variety is highly recommended by parties in Kansas, where it originated, and also by some who have tested it here, on account of its earliness. It is better than Concord. I do not know how it will compare with Moore's Early. I hope some one who may know will report of their comparative merits.—H. J., *Columbus, O.*



FOREIGN NOTES.

HYBRIDIZING ROSES.

A writer, signing himself "Wild Rose," in a late number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, considers the subject of the hybridization of Roses, and refers to the fact that most of the best Roses are the result of natural, that is, chance, cross-fertilization, or hybridizing. He shows that several Rose-growers who had become famous for one or more superior chance seedlings were thus naturally led to the practice of artificial crossing and hybridizing, but in no way was a result achieved equal to those of chance.

Lastly, he refers to the case of Mr. HENRY BENNETT, of Stapleford, near Salisbury, England, an account of whose experiments in hybridizing was given in our last volume.

Mr. B. succeeded in producing a number of superior varieties by hybridizing Tea and Hybrid Perpetual varieties. At the time the account of them was given the plants had only been flowered in the greenhouse. "Two rose seasons have passed since then; in the catalogues for last year they were somewhat doubtfully described. There was hardly one of them seen last year, and the same has held good this year. There is one great fault they all seem to possess—they grow well, come freely into bud, and there they stop; they will not expand. They are, therefore, in the open air, useless, while even in the house it is with difficulty any one of them can be got to open. I am told that in the hot climate of America they open better."

In regard to this last remark, we are safe in saying, that no general or reliable test of them has yet been made in this country, and it will not be until another season has passed that their merits can be fairly estimated. We regret to hear so unfavorable news of them on their native soil.

The editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* makes the following appropriate comment upon the statements referred to: "The success of haphazard procedures should certainly stimulate raisers to more systematic and carefully devised efforts. The lesson to be learnt is surely not the retrograde mode of trusting to chance, but the necessity of devising a well considered plan, and then selecting the proper sorts to interbreed with, so as to secure the object in view. The fault above alluded to," that is, that the buds do not open, "would seem to be due to weakness of constitution; if this be so, the direction experiment should take is obvious."

SUBURBS OF LONDON.

Writing in the *Journal of Horticulture*, in September, of "A Week in London," "A Countryman" says: "London is much different from what many expect to find it, and I must say I was rather surprised to see the thousands of trees, young and old, growing in the streets. At every turn, in every street in the suburbs, trees abound. The Plane, *Platanus orientalis*, appears to thrive well, grows rapidly, and retains its fine bold green foliage until frosts occur. Limes are also largely planted, but the foliage was almost gone, and the trees presented quite an autumnal appearance. It would be interesting to know how the Plane would do in the northern counties. If it is sufficiently hardy it would prove a valuable tree for the neighborhood of smoky towns. The Robinia also grows luxuriantly in the environs of London. The various roads and streets present quite a different appearance from those around any provincial town I have seen. What with the trees and the little garden in front of every house, and the houses festooned and draped with Virginian Creepers, quite

a lively and country-like appearance is produced, and never before have I seen this fine old creeper grown so largely and effectively. The enthusiasm that evidently prevails for flowers is very striking, and every small garden is decorated with flowering and other plants; this no doubt is due in a large measure to the flowers and flower-garden decorations in the parks. I wonder why provincial towns do not follow the example of London, and adorn their parks for the enjoyment of the public. I have visited many, and scarcely ever is a flower seen. A friend told me a short time ago he had been visiting Liverpool and one of its parks, which was one of the most beautiful he had ever seen, but after walking through the principal parts could scarcely find any flowers.

"The Scarlet Runner Bean attracted my attention. Every occupant of the houses evidently devotes a portion of their small garden to the growth of these Beans. They really look grand as you travel by rail through the suburbs. Not only are they ornamental, but useful, and the plants are carrying a heavy crop of beans this season."

SINGLE AND DOUBLE FLOWERS.

A very interesting statement is made by a correspondent of *The Garden* in regard to some plants of Balsam producing double flowers after showing all their bloom single. He says: "When in India I sowed some acclimatized seed of a double Balsam of a fine scarlet color. The seed was sown in the rainy season, and planted out in pots containing rich earth. Aided by the damp atmosphere and rich manure, each plant grew into a luxuriant bush, but all the flowers were quite single. Observing the luxuriance of the foliage, I surmised that all the vigor had been drawn into the branches and foliage, and so I tried the experiment of cutting off the branches and picking off the flowers and flower-buds, in order to allow the plant to throw out new foliage and flowers. My object was to concentrate the vigor of the plants into the new flowers. I succeeded beyond my expectation. The subsequent flowers were as double as the most double Camellia, so much so that I could not get out of the whole lot of plants a single seed, all the reproductive organs being transformed

into petals; so it would appear that Balsams might be made to produce either single or double flowers, according to treatment."

The reason here given for the effect that was produced by removing the foliage will tend to mislead. There is no question but the plants were greatly weakened by the procedure, and they were really less vigorous than before, not that the "vigor" was concentrated in the new flowers. The plants in their weakened condition not being able to produce perfect flowers, or flowers with perfectly developed reproductive organs, produced only double flowers, which are abortions. Thus double flowers show degeneracy.

THE DAHLIA IN ENGLAND.

In floricultural circles in England there is now a renewed interest in the Dahlia, and it is taking a prominent place in the large horticultural exhibitions. A new single, white variety of Dahlia, called Ware's White Queen, appears to make a sensation. A writer in an English journal thus describes it as he saw the plants growing. "Imagine some hundred plants, each as large as a good-sized Black Currant bush, literally covered with a profusion of the finest white flowers, as elegant in form as *Anemone Honorine Jobert*, and almost as rich in texture as *Eucharis Amazonica*. The æsthetic people ought to go crazy over it. As a lady's flower it is A 1, and the sunflower is nowhere." "I consider Mr. WARE'S plant a gem, either as a decorative plant for the flower-garden, or as a cut flower."

OUR BLACKBERRIES IN ENGLAND.

English gardeners are taking kindly to our improved varieties of Blackberries. EDWARD LUCKHURST, in the *Journal of Horticulture*, advises all who care for preserved Blackberries, either in the form of jelly or jam, to plant the American varieties. He says: "A single row across a quarter of the kitchen garden has afforded bushels of fruit this year, from four to five gallons being picked each time that successive batches have become ripe enough for gathering. A rude fence of poles was made six feet high, and the long, unpruned growth tied upon it soon grew into one of the most ornamental hedges conceivable."



PLEASANT GOSSIP.

THE POCKLINGTON AT BOSTON.

This new variety of hardy Grapes that is now attracting much attention by its beauty, large size, productiveness, and other good qualities, had its character quite fully discussed at the late meeting of the American Pomological Society. The following report of the remarks on that occasion has been kindly supplied by the Secretary, Professor BEAL:

GEO. A. STONE, of Rochester, N. Y., remarked: As most of you know, the Pocklington originated at Sandy Hill, Washington Co., N. Y. As it is grown in Rochester on light soil, I think it ripens earlier than the Concord. This year the Concord did not set well, while the Pocklington set very perfectly; in fact, the vines are overloaded. In quality we claim that it is as good as the Concord in its best state. The growth of the vine is good, but it cannot be called an extra free grower. I have not discovered any mildew, or any disordered condition. Its cropping quality is certainly all that can be asked. It will bear as many Grapes as any other variety, and mature them. I think it is a very promising new Grape for vineyard planting.

H. E. HOOKER, of Rochester, N. Y., said: I think Mr. STONE has very accurately described the appearance and condition of the Pocklington in Rochester. The vines most exposed to the weather seemed to maintain a perfectly healthy foliage. I think there can be no question about its being iron-clad in respect of foliage. Last season I saw the Pocklington fully ripe at Rochester, and was very agreeably disappointed in its quality. It was, to my taste, fully as good, sweeter, and a little more sprightly than Concord.

The President—What time last year?

H. E. HOOKER—It ripened fully as early as the Concord on the adjoining

vines; it was September 6th. Last year was a pretty early season. It is not to be classed with the earlier Grapes, but is sufficiently early for all practical purposes in any locality for market. It is certainly remarkable for the number of handsome bunches produced on a vine. I think it is not claimed for it that its quality is of the highest excellence, but it is what would be called very good for quality.

T. S. HUBBARD, of New York—I was in the vineyard, at Rochester, four or five weeks ago, and it certainly was a very fine show of Pocklings the first year of bearing. I was agreeably disappointed in seeing them. The vines looked very well, were making a good growth, and the fruit all that could be asked. I have some vines growing the second year that are very healthy; not as vigorous in growth as the Concord, but fair growers.

GEO. W. CAMPBELL, of Ohio—My experience agrees with that of Mr. HUBBARD.

The President—I had fruit sent to me twice last year from the original vines, and I was surprised at its beauty. You may recollect that in my address I alluded to it in connection with the wonderful effect of hybridization, whether by the hand of man, by insects, or by the air. I say the Pocklington may be the beginning of a race of Grapes equal in beauty and, perhaps, in excellence to the Cannon Hall Muscat. I think it is a most promising variety, and, although I would like to ameliorate the flavor of the Pocklington a little, still it is a wonder in its way.

SOLANUM.—I have a Jerusalem Cherry, or Solanum, which grew from the seed. It has been growing for a period of nine months, and is now seventeen inches in height and measures two feet across the top.—F. D., Kellerton, Iowa.

GARDEN NOTES.

MR. VICK:—I have quite a collection of Cactus plants and have devoted considerable attention to their cultivation, and as "Lucie P. B." wishes some information on the cultivation of these plants, I will give my mode of treatment, which has proved satisfactory.

The best soil for the Cactus is composed of equal parts of well-decomposed soil from the cow-pen and clean sand. Wide, shallow pots suit them best, but the common flower-pot will answer. It is a well-known fact that all Cactuses require a period of rest, and this rest must be given at the proper time to suit them. Those that bloom during the summer must rest through the fall and winter months, while the winter-blooming varieties must rest through spring and summer. I give the south end of my greenhouse solely to the Cactus, this being the warmest part of the house, and I keep them there winter and summer. During their season of rest they absorb sufficient moisture from the atmosphere to supply their demands until within two or three months of their blooming season; then I give them an occasional syringing, using a small, or fine, rose on the syringe. I never allow the soil in the pot to become wet, or soaked, as that would leave them liable to rot or damp off, neither should the plants be exposed to heavy rains. All blooms should be taken off as soon as they begin to fade. When the blooming is finished the plants again begin their season of rest. It is often the case that when a Cactus once blooms profusely it may not show signs of buds again until the second year.

There are some plants, the Stapelias, for instance, that so closely resemble the Cactus family that persons unacquainted with them often err in giving them and the Cactus the same treatment.

I would say to "R. A. H., Smithville, Ill." that his Wax Plant is probably *Hoya Cunninghamii*, with light green leaves and deeper-colored flowers than *H. carnosia*, and is a rampant grower, hence his questions in the last number of the MAGAZINE concerning the *Hoya* and Cactus growing in the same pot, of which a picture is shown in the July number. The same *Hoya* which was spoken of at that time has bloomed all summer and now has quite a number of clusters of flowers. I give it an occasional gentle spraying,

never allowing the soil to become wet. As the nights are cool we are warned that it is no longer safe to risk tender plants out doors, and the flower lovers are busy getting their plants housed into their winter quarters, lest Jack Frost should soon make a visit and leave the prints of his icy fingers on our dependence for future enjoyment during the winter months.

Last week, while walking along a sidewalk in one of our towns, I paused to gaze over at a yard in which were many pretty plants and flowers. I soon espied my flower-loving lady friend busy repotting her plants preparatory to moving them into winter quarters. I was invited in to look at her plants, which appeared fine indeed, although she was bestowing unnecessary labor on them, that of having the soil run through a sieve. This reminded me of former days, when my experience in floriculture was limited. My experience for the past several years has shown me that plants do just as well or better in soil that has not been taken through the laborious task of sieving. Soil taken from the compost-heap, which I consider the best, needs only a few chops with spade or trowel to render it fine enough, unless wanted to sow very small seeds in, and in that case it should be run through a sieve.—R. A. S., *Hood's Landing, Tenn.*

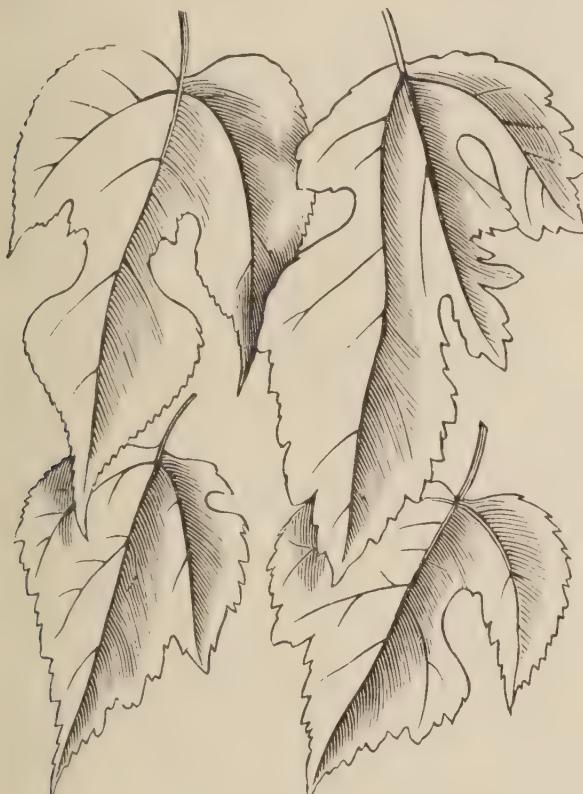
ITALIAN ONIONS.

The Italian and Spanish Onions are this season to be found for sale in most of our large inland cities. We have never before seen them in this country except in New York and other Atlantic cities. They must, therefore, be imported in large quantities. In our Southern States we can grow these Onions as well as in Southern Europe. Ten years since, when in Europe, we obtained some of this seed and sent it for trial to leading agriculturists in every Southern State, and the reports were universally favorable. We have grown them in Rochester as fine and large as any we ever saw in Europe, by starting them in a hot-bed or cold-frame and transplanting about the usual time of sowing seed in the open ground. The seed needs but little heat to start it, and little protection from the weather. Transplant when quite small. We have grown plenty that weighed from one to two

pounds, and Yellow Globe Danvers on the same soil from ten to twelve ounces. The southern Onions are not the best of keepers.

THE PAPER MULBERRY.

JAMES VICK:—We have discovered a shrub, or almost a small tree, of a peculiar type. Its bark is mottled in white and brown, smooth and fine, and the leaves are of every conceivable shape, some perfect and others only a half of a leaf, some with a notch cut out and, in fact, we can find no two alike; it is hardy and grows freely. Can you tell its name? I will enclose a few leaves, all of one branch, and am sorry the rest I have are too large for the letter.—MRS. H. C. H., *Antes Fort, Pa.*



LEAVES OF PAPER MULBERRY.

The leaves above described are those of the *Broussonetia papyrifera*, or Paper Mulberry, a native of China and Japan, and of the same natural order as the Elm. It grows from twelve to thirty feet in height. It is largely cultivated in its native countries for its bark, from which the peculiar Chinese paper is made. A fine white cloth can be made from the bark, and in the Sandwich Islands the tree has long been cultivated for this purpose. We regard it as a very interesting ornamental tree. The leaf-form, indefinitely varied, and yet true to its individuality, is quite remarkable.

WINTERING IVY GERANIUMS.—In answer to an inquiry from Clintonville, Va., we would say that the Ivy Geranium with us will not winter well in a cold-frame. It is better to keep it growing in a cool room.

WAX PLANT—ACACIA.

MR. VICK:—As I see in your MAGAZINE so many questions asked and answered, I judge that subscribers have the liberty of asking for information. I have a Wax Plant, *Hoya carnosa*, which we keep in a south window during the whole year. It is four years old, but does not blossom. What treatment ought it to have? Is the plant harmed by being taken down and the leaves washed occasionally?

How shall I treat an Acacia tree, now four years old? During the last two years I have put it into a flower-garden summers, and in the cellar during winters.—A. R. R., *Wakefield, Mass.*

Instead of being harmful, washing the leaves of the Wax Plant occasionally is the very best treatment for it. When washing, brushing with a soft brush about the axils of the leaves will tend to keep the plant free from mealy bugs, one of its insect enemies. When the plant commences its growth, we would supply it once a week with weak manure water.

Pot the Acacia in a large-sized pot, and keep it in the window this winter.

CALADIUM FLOWERING.

Please state, in your next MAGAZINE, if the Caladium (*esculentum*) usually blooms in this latitude. I have three with four and five flowers. When placed in a vase they are really grand flowers.—T. B. B., *Hot Springs, Ark.*

The blooming of the Caladium is not infrequent, even as far north as Iowa, under good cultivation. When the plants are started early, say in February or March, in the house, and then planted out after the frosts, their chance of flowering in the northern part of the country is much better. As far south as Arkansas we should think their blooming would be of frequent occurrence.

DRYED BANANAS.—Jamaica is sending dried Bananas to England, seeking a market. The *Gardeners' Chronicle* having proved a sample of them, thinks "they will form an acceptable addition to the dessert table, as they have the sweetness of the dried Fig without the inconvenience of the numerous seed-like fruits."

FROM MICHIGAN.—Judge LEEDS, of Berrien Springs, Michigan, wrote us, in October, "My Dahlias are most splendid, Canna robusta twelve feet in height, blooming with eighteen stalks, and Ricinus sanguineus thirteen feet in height, and the stalk nine inches in diameter near the ground."

LILIES THE FIRST YEAR.

As we had such a late spring my order was late, and I did not expect my Lilies to bloom before next year; but the *atrosanguineum* had three or four nice flowers, *rubrum* had three, and *L. auratum*, which was the last to come up, not making its appearance until July, had five buds. I pinched off two of them, leaving three on, and in August they all opened finely. The stem, not having much time to push up, was only about one foot high, but the flowers were large, the first one that opened having eight perfect petals, which, I think, is uncommon, and measuring eight inches across; the two other flowers had six petals each and measured six to seven inches across. I have just received my October MAGAZINE, which is splendid, as usual. I want to try and get up a good club for it again this fall.—*Mrs. C. O. M., Massillon, O.*

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VARIOUS PLANTS.

My Gladioli and Dahlias never looked better than during the past season, notwithstanding the extreme drouth. The June bloom of Roses was very superior, but the autumn flowering proved poor enough. The *Lilium tenuifolium* is truly a little beauty, but *L. auratum* has gone again in spite of every care—with the Californian Lilies, perhaps. I am glad to see you have dropped the latter from your list, and think the former will soon follow if you restrict your collection to those as "easily grown as a hill of corn." It is doing the public a real service to commend only the "reliables," and for this there can hardly be sufficient thankfulness.—*F. E. L., Woonsocket, R. I.*

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LAST NUMBER FOR 1881.

With this number we close another and the fourth year of our MAGAZINE, and we think, when neatly bound, four very handsome volumes, in all more than fifteen hundred pages, nearly a thousand illustrations and about fifty colored plates. For all this those who have kept our company the whole four years have paid us five dollars. Not a very extravagant outlay for so much of beauty and instruction. Our colored plates the next year will be superior to any heretofore published, a sample of which we give in this number.

THE NOYAU VINE.

MR. VICK:—Never having seen the graceful Noyau vine east or west, or recognized it in the catalogues, I send you a little bag of seeds by mail, thinking it may prove a pleasant surprise even to you. The vine was introduced by Colonel CODRINGTON, from Jamaica. It is evergreen there, and used as English Ivy. The top dies here in winter, but sprouts early and grows twenty to thirty feet in a season. The leaf resembles the skeleton Geranium; the blossom is like the white Morning Glory. It is a great treasure here, but does not transplant easily.—*Mrs. F. G., De Land, Florida.*

From the above description, and from the appearance of the seeds, it is judged that the plant here referred to is *Convolvulus dissectus*. It receives its name from the fact that it is used in the West Indies to flavor a spirituous liquor manufactured there and called by the name, Noyau. The property in the plant for which it is prized for this purpose is Prussic acid, with which it is said to abound. We shall try it as an ornamental plant.

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ANEMONES IN THE HOUSE.

MR. VICK:—Please inform me if the double or single Anemones will flower in the house in winter. I set out some Anemones with other hardy bulbs and tubers, and owing to the unusual rainfall and warm weather here this autumn, many of the things are now up in the beds, from four to six inches above the ground. I have taken up the Anemones and potted them. They seem to be growing nicely in the window. I would be pleased to see them bloom in the house this winter.—*I. P. C., Green Valley, Ill.*

These Anemones should be kept as cool as possible, and be carefully watered and never be allowed to go dry; they will probably come into bloom in January.

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POT-BOUND PLANTS.

JAMES VICK:—Some of my plants, Abutilons, Fuchsias, Geraniums, &c., have become pot-bound. "Then," you will say, "repot them." But I don't want them to grow, I only want to winter them over in the house, and I should like to know if it would injure them seriously if I should leave them in the pots till spring, when I intend to put them out in the garden.—*R. K., Jacksonville, Oregon.*

The plants may be kept in the house at a low temperature during the winter, remaining in the pots without any change until spring, and then be planted out as proposed.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The space in this number is so small, on account of the index of the volume and title page, we are obliged to leave quite a number of inquiries unanswered until next month. We hope to hear from all our old correspondents and many new ones next year.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SCENE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

In some far distant northern climes, when comes
The Savior's birthday, in the early morn
They hang upon the leafless, snowy trees,
Before the cottage doors, heaped high with corn,
Small baskets wreathed with green vines, and the
birds,
Mysteriously summoned, gather there
From ev'ry side, and of the feast partake,
While with glad chirps and trills they fill the air.

And little children peeping joyously
From frosted windows, in sweet, lisping words,
Say to each other, "He will love us more,
The dear Christ-child! since we have fed His birds."
And to my mind no scene more beautiful
Than this—the wee birds warbling notes of praise,
The happy baby faces, and the trees
Laden with grain—e'er graced the Day of Days!

—MADGE ELLIOT.

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

Once upon a time the sun shone straight down in summer and slantwise in winter upon a certain land where the Oranges and Apples never grow in the earth, nor Yams or Potatoes upon trees; where Strawberries did not grow on bushes, nor Raspberries on the ground; where the Morning Glores never took to the shrubs, nor the Lilacs to climbing vines; where the roots of things never grew upward with their foliage down in the soil, and where, in short, never a seed so forgot itself as to step out of the family line by sprouting the wrong plant. But a country it was where everything seemed to have been arranged with a purpose, and nothing at all existed by chance or accident. A wonderful land to be sure:

There were people like ourselves in that land—boys and girls such as you who read this, only that some of them ate and drank, slept and wakened, making speedy use of the good and pleasant things of life, without ever bestowing an earnest thought on the marvellous certainty of the continued supply, or of the miracle implied every time a plant fulfilled its

little round of life—had blossomed, gone to seed and died, leaving in each tiny seed the secret for perpetuating its kind. Yes, there were really a few so indifferent that nothing short of some astounding variation in the routine of things could have set them to thinking. Had they suddenly found nothing but Burdock burs inside the Walnut hulls, and bitter Almonds in the Chestnuts, or had been shocked by some personal discomfort, such, for instance, as waking some morning and finding their feet fringed thickly with hair, and their skulls thatched thickly with toe-nails, then, oh yes, then they would have roused up to a sense of how remarkable it was that things had never got mixed up before, but had kept their places and made their appearance just where and when they were expected!

But I am glad to say there were but few of this thoughtless sort in that land of beauty and plenty. Very many were thoughtful and studious, and commenced early in life to investigate for themselves into the mysteries of the world around them. It made no difference what profession they intended to follow in after life, for do what they would, or live where they might, they would be dependent on the bounties of nature for existence, and on her beauties for much of their delight. So they resolved to understand as much of her ways as possible, and it was curious to observe how soon they came to see the meaning of the poet's words, "Sermons in stones, and books in running brooks."

In one of the homes of this land of which I am writing there sat, upon a certain time, a boy of this stamp in thoughtful mood, holding a grain of Rocky Mountain Corn in his fingers. Every grain on the cob from which it was taken was encased in a little husk of its own;

two, in fact, for each grain had an inner covering of finer texture than the outer one. This exterior husk extended, flat and tapering, beyond its own grain, and partly overlapped the husk of the grain next above it, thus making still greater protection for the whole. No wonder, is it, that the boy thought and pondered! Directly his lips parted—

"Papa," he asked, "don't you think that these grains were covered with husks to protect them from the cold climate in which they grow?"

"It certainly appears so, my son."

"But how—how could they think to grow so?"

"Sure enough," answered the father, "that's the very point! We know it couldn't think for itself. But the Great Being who forgets nothing, remembered to furnish warm, little jackets to protect the germ of the grain in that rigorous climate. There is now and then a person who affects to disbelieve in this Almighty Creative Power; but you can only pity such, for if they are honest in their sentiment there must be some serious deficiency in their natures, which is to be deplored, and must render them restless and unhappy. But to a well-balanced mind the fact of a creative Supreme Being is self-evident. Here are some lines from a poem which I believe to be true except, perhaps, in the cases of the poor unfortunates just mentioned:

'THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

Whoever plants the seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know."

And now we must leave this boy and his father, and see what was going on in another home at another certain time. It seems that the people in that country looked forward to a happy Christmas time very much as we do, and tried to make each other glad and cheery then, in remembrance of a wonderful event that occurred nearly nineteen hundred years ago. They even decorated their homes and churches in honor of that event. One evening a young girl said:

"Mamma, I think I know why you did not approve of buying artificial material to trim the church. At first I could not imagine why you did not think those

beautiful imitation Ivies just the thing. But I expect you feel that everything we offer to our Heavenly Father should be real and true—just what it seems to be, and not a mockery."

"Yes," my dear, you have almost expressed what I feel about it. If money be not plenty, it would seem more consistent to expend what little we have at a good florist's, and group or arrange the purchase fittingly, than to decorate a house that has been solemnly dedicated to the worship of God with imitations of His own handiwork, which in the beginning he had pronounced 'good.'"

Such, dear readers, were the strange ideas of some of those singular people in that singular country. When the Good Father, from time to time, had scattered little children amongst them, it somehow came about that four wide-awake youngsters eventually found themselves in the same house. So then they were brothers. They were called George, Harry, Lewis, and Arthur. Their grandfather, who had never had a boy in his own home, thought it very funny that he should have four grandsons, and when he was old, and they gathered around him for stories, he used to call them his "Two-six-four-boys," such jokey grandfathers they had in that country! But at the time of which I am speaking he was done wondering about his boys, was done telling them stories, for one morning when George went to his room as usual to say "Good morning, grandpa," he was lying with his hands peacefully folded, and in a sleep whose awaking had been in a more beautiful land than any he had yet known. So now they all mean to live such correct lives that in the beautiful hereafter grandpa may find his boys once more.

At the time of which we are now thinking, these boys, too, had been looking forward to the coming Christmas with much pleasure. But it appears that there had recently been a terrible fire in their land which had destroyed the homes of hundreds of families. It had not come near enough to interfere with their comfort, but as they read and heard of the fearful sufferings of the homeless ones, and thought of all the boys and girls, just as good as themselves, who could have no merry Christmas, but would be content if they could only keep from freezing and starving; as they thought of all of this

their faces grew sober, and they finally held counsel together, and decided to get all the boys they knew, and girls too, to join them, and to agree all around to tell their parents and friends that they wanted the substantial part of their Christmas gifts to be of a kind that would be suitable to box up and send to the unfortunate ones. It cost them some little twinges to decide upon this, but after it was once settled they felt real good over it.

So when that Christmas morning came and George found that Santa Claus had left a huge sack of meal, etc., instead of the new saddle he had once hoped for, he only laughed, and said, "All right; I'm glad of it!" and then he thought to himself, "Grandpa would have liked this." And if either of the other boys got a suit of clothes sooner than was expected, it was because the half-worn suit was to go into the wonderful box that was packed and filled on that wonderful Christmas day, by the boys and girls of that wonderful country. And it turned out that they had a happier, merrier time than on any Christmas they could remember.—AUNT MARJORIE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The twilight was approaching and Mrs. Lawrence laid down the book she had been reading and sat idly gazing into the coals. Without were sounds of merriment, notwithstanding the weather was dull, for it was but a few days after Christmas, and in the little village where the widow lived the eight days including Christmas and New Year's day were all considered holidays.

Mrs. Lawrence's thoughts certainly were not happy ones, for her face wore a sad expression, and a heavy sigh now and then escaped her. She was recalling merry times when a loving husband with happy smiles and tender words had been by her side. Christmas then was a time of gaiety, gifts were exchanged, and care of all kinds set entirely aside. Now, how different! The tender, loving husband gone, the pecuniary resources so limited that even small presents could not be obtained without sacrificing something necessary for comfort. No wonder the poor widow's heart was sad. As she sat thinking, she overheard a conversation between her twin boys, Walter and Frank, who were in an adjoining room.

"Just to think," said Walter, "what a dull time we have had. I almost hate for Christmas to come. If we could only have things like as used to be," and he sighed audibly.

"Yes," said Frank, "we used to have money to spend, and would get nice presents, but now if our dinner on Christmas day is a little better than common, that is all we need expect."

"It isn't so much the presents I want," said Walter, "but I like to see people lively and cheerful if they haven't got much money to spend. It seems to me this is the dullest house I ever saw. Mother keeps a longer face Christmas week than any other time, and the girls go off."

"Yes," said Frank, "she does; but I suppose she is thinking more of father then. He used to be so lively at such times, and make everybody else feel jolly."

"I'd just as soon work hard all Christmas week," rejoined Walter, "and I'm glad we promised to do that work for Mr. Jones to-morrow. We'll make something, and enjoy ourselves more than we do here in this dull house. But now that the girls are coming home, it will be a little better. I wonder why they don't come. They were to be here before supper-time."

The boys then left the room, and Mrs. Lawrence sat reflecting upon what she had just heard. She wiped away a few tears and then made a resolution. "Never again," thought she, "shall my boys have so dull a Christmas, if I can help it, and I will help it. It is selfish to brood over my sorrows at such a time, and cast a gloom over the whole family. No wonder that Hattie and Lucy chose this time to visit their uncle's family. Why do they not come?" Mrs. Lawrence then arose, lighted the lamps and put fresh fuel on the fire.

Pretty soon the boys came in and looked surprised to see the room so bright and their mother so cheerful, but supposed it was all due to the expected arrival of the girls. Soon they came with laughter and bustle, and the boys listened with much interest to their lively chatter. After tea the boys retired to their room for the night, after asking their mother to wake them very early. Then Mrs. Lawrence said:

"Girls, I want your help. You know the day after to-morrow will be New

Year's day and I want to make the house look as bright as possible. I want Walter and Frank to enjoy the day in every way."

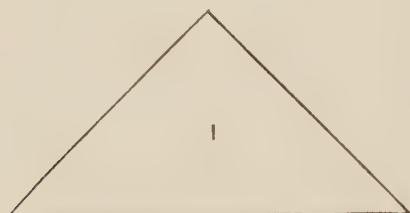
Hattie and Lucy looked a little surprised. Their mother related the conversation she had overheard, and told of the reflections it had cost her.

"Now, girls," said she, "let's turn over a new leaf entirely on New Year's day. We will have a good chance to-morrow to make any preparations we wish, for the boys have agreed to work all day for Mr. Jones, and they will be out of the way." The girls agreed, and began to consult as to what should be done.

On the morrow, as soon as the boys were off to their work, Mrs. Lawrence and her daughters put on their long aprons and repaired to the sitting-room.

"I have spoken," said Mrs. Lawrence, "to old black Nancy, and she has promised to send Bob to help us. I have an out-grown suit of Frank's that I am going to give him for his work. Here he comes now."

"Bob," said Mrs. Lawrence to the grinning darkey, "do you know the way to Mr. Norton's?"



"Yes'um, if he's de one dat lives 'bout a mile outen town, nex to Cap'n Johnson."

"Well, I want you to hitch my old mare to the one-horse wagon and go to Mr. Norton's. Then you must see him and ask if you can get some branches of Holly off his trees. There are several trees some distance back of his house."

"Oh! yes'um," said Bob, "he'll let you hab um. I done fotch a heap of it for white folkses las' week."

"Well, make haste, Bob, and get back soon," said Lucy, "and mind you be sure to bring plenty of pretty red berries."

"And Bob," called Hattie, as he went out, "if you see any Cedar, put some branches of it on the wagon."

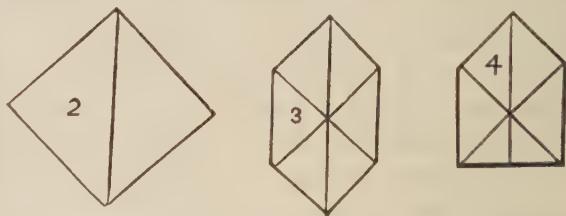
"Yes'um," answered Bob, "for I'se gwine to pass right by um—right in de edge ob de field on de side ob de road."

"So now that is settled," said Mrs. Lawrence. "And girls, what shall we do first? You will have to give me orders this time."

"Well, mother," said Hattie, bringing out some pieces of brown paper from a closet, "you are to begin frames for those two mottoes I have kept so long, in hopes of being able to buy frames for them."

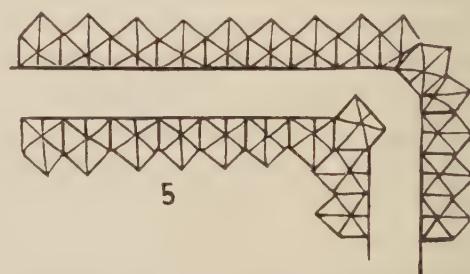
"Frames out of paper!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes ma'am, I saw some pretty wall pockets and small frames at Uncle Oliver's made of it. Mary and Anna made them. This is the way, mother. Cut some pieces of paper, about two and a half



inches square. These are to be folded to form a kind of point, and sewed as an edging around frames of stiff paste-board. Lucy, please bring that large box out of our room and cut frames to suit those mottoes. Now, mother, see how I make a point out of this square piece of paper. I first fold it shawl-fashion (fig 1). Now, I take the two upper corners and bring them down to the lower one, like this (fig. 2). Then bring the corners at the right and left forward till they meet in the middle, this way (fig. 3). Now we will trim off the lowest point (fig. 4), as we have no need for it, and you see we have a point similar to those in some tape trimming. We will have to make a good many of these, for the frames must be edged all around with them."

When the points were finished, Hattie then told Lucy to sew them on while she and her mother prepared other pieces of paper to cover the middle part of the frames. When Lucy had finished sewing



the points around one frame, she held it up for her mother to see.

"Now mother," said Hattie, "when we have covered all the rest of the frame with little, shell-shaped pieces, it will be ready for the varnish."

"To make these fan or shell-shaped pieces we fold a square piece in the middle, shawl-fashion, as we did the others at the beginning. Now, by making a few little folds, the piece looks like a shell, (fig. 6). The pieces are sowed on,lapping each other, and also covering the ends of the points we have sewed on."

Mrs. Lawrence then asked Hattie to sew on a few pieces, that she might see how

it was done. Hattie arranged one corner of the frame (fig. 7) so that her mother understood how the work was to be done, and a few minutes sufficed to finish that frame.

In the meantime Lucy was working away industriously on the other, while Hattie busied herself in making some cornucopiae of gilt card-board. These were decorated at the open end with a trimming of scarlet wool, crocheted tastily, and were filled with fancy lamp-lighters made of colored papers which were cut into a fringe along one edge before rolling up. They looked very pretty and gay hung under the mantel-shelf, one at each end. The frames were then varnished and left to dry. Then Lucy took a pencil and marked on stiff paper some large letters to form the words, Happy New Year. The letters were cut out of the paper and covered with sprigs of cedar, sewed on so as to cover the paper entirely. The letters were now ready to be hung up, and Hattie fastened them upon the wall above the mantel in a curve, Mrs. Lawrence and Lucy looking on and directing in the hanging of each letter.

Bob had brought a good lot of holly and cedar, and some pretty vines covered with bright red berries—a species of Sarsaparilla. Lucy filled the large vases on the mantel with holly boughs, then, having hung some festoons of cedar above the white curtains, and pinned some autumn leaves, which had had a coating of bees-wax some weeks previous, to the curtains, the girls stepped to the door to survey their work. The room was now looking quite gay.

"Now Hattie," said Mrs. Lawrence, "go to the pit and see if any flowers are in bloom that can be brought up to help

decorate." Hattie soon returned with a Geranium with two clusters of pink blooms on it. "This is the only plant in bloom, mother, but may I not bring in the Smilax and the Calla, and put all three pots on a little stand in the corner?" Her mother gave consent, and both girls repaired to the pit to get the plants.

Before night all of their work was done except hanging the mottoes and the wall-pocket, which was made of paste-board covered with paper-work like that of the frames. Then the door was locked and a bright fire made in "mother's room," where all were sitting when the tired boys came home.

"Why are you all sitting here," said Frank.

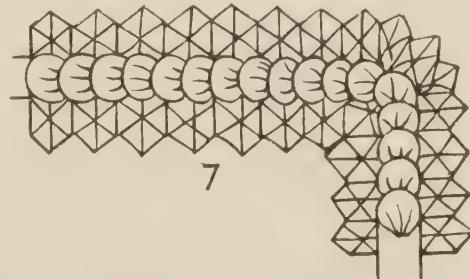
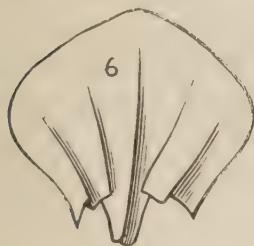
"Oh," said Hattie, "we thought we'd make a little change. Don't you like it?"

"I like any place where I can rest," said Frank, "for I'm tired out."

"So am I," said Walter. "Old man Jones knows how to keep fellows at work, but he pays pretty well when they're done."

As soon as supper was over the boys went off to bed.

"How shall we manage in the morning, mother?" said Lucy, "the boys will ex-



pect to make the fire in the sitting-room as usual."

"Oh! I generally have to wake them. The wood-box is full, and I have in the closet a supply of good, light wood that will kindle without any trouble. So one of us can have the fire burning finely before they come down stairs."

Mother and daughters then repaired to the sitting-room, where they hung the mottoes in conspicuous places; "Home, Sweet Home" the device of one, and "Love One Another" that of the other. In a corner the wall-pocket was placed. It had been made large enough to contain an oyster can, filled with water, in which they inserted the vines Bob had brought. These they trained up on the walls, securing them to the paper by

means of pins, and they made quite a fine display with the beautiful bunches of red berries.

"Oh! Lucy," said Hattie, "we must have a hanging-basket in the opposite corner. That little round work-basket of mine will do. We can get that long moss we have up stairs, that we found in the woods, to hang from it, and those Ferns we dried for spatter-work will look well in it."

The basket was brought and soon arranged, and the long, gray moss that hung four or five feet from it was adorned with a few of the bright autumn leaves left from trimming the curtains. This corner was thus brightened up.

"Now we are done," said Hattie, "let's go to bed."

Early the next morning the girls repaired to the sitting-room and soon had a blazing fire. The morning was gloomy, but the room looked gay and festive.

"Now," said Lucy, "let's make a noise and wake the boys."

"You're in a rhyming mood, Lucy," said her sister, "but what shall we do?"

"Let's sing a lively song;" and opening the piano Lucy began to sing, and Hattie joined in with all her might. Mrs. Lawrence then entered and also joined in the chorus. Here came the boys.

"Why, what in the world has got into everybody—and the room, too?" said Walter, gazing around.

"Happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year! Happy New Year!
Happy New Year to all!"

sang the girls. Walter and Frank caught the spirit and joined in lustily. Just then the door opened and a black head was poked in. The music ceased, and Bob's voice was heard:

"New Year's gif', Miss Hattie and Miss Lucy! And you, too!" turning to Walter and Frank.

"Yes," said Lucy, "Bob must have something."

"Here, Bob," cried Walter, throwing a nickel at him. "And here's another," said Frank, throwing a second one.

Bob scrambled after them, and then retreated to the door, showing his rows of white teeth, and saying over and over "Thanky, sir! Thanky, sir!"

Just here the breakfast bell rang, and the whole family in high glee adjourned

to the dining-room, where a nice breakfast awaited them.

A day thus begun could not fail to pass off pleasantly. The boys did not weary of the looks of the sitting-room, inspecting each decoration in turn, and expressing their admiration for all. And, although the only gifts they received were a couple of books, not very new, that had been given to their sisters during their visit at Uncle Oliver's, they both agreed at supper time that they had had the jolliest day they had spent in a long, long time.—SIDNEY EMMETT.

CULTIVATING WILD PLANTS.

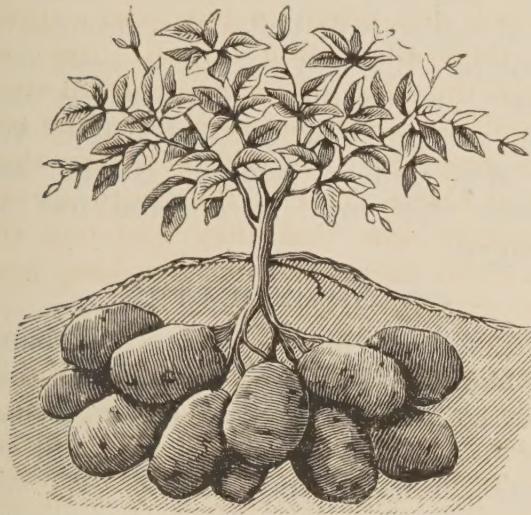
MR. VICK:—You suggested in the April number of your MAGAZINE that little boys and girls should cultivate some wild flowers that grow around their homes. Last April I discovered a root of *Mimulus Lewisii*, and planted it in a place that I could keep moist, as it grows in wet, shady places. I planted it in a sunnier place than it was in when in its native state, where it grew and flowered much better. It is about one foot high and sixteen inches across, and was covered with beautiful pink flowers. I planted blue *Lobelia Erinus* around it. It is either a biennial or a perennial. It is not as difficult to grow as many of our wild flowers. Mamma sent a pressed specimen to Professor Meehan, and he sent her the name. As there are no flowers now I will send you some seed. Our pressed specimens crumbled up, our climate is so dry.—KATIE LEWERS, *Franktown, Nev.*

We are quite sure that KATIE has derived a great deal of pleasure in cultivating this plant, and, besides, she has learned something of plants that grow naturally about her own home. She will probably yet discover other wild species of *Mimulus*, for there are such in her section of the country. She has acquired a knowledge of this particular plant by observation, and this will lead to the observation of other plants and other things. It is a pleasure to know that even one has followed our suggestion, for we are confident that it will contribute both to her happiness and usefulness.

In regard to *Mimulus Lewisii*, it may be said that it is the same, according to Dr. GRAY, as *M. roseus*; that the latter name is that given by DOUGLASS, and the former that first applied to it by PURSH, and which by precedence has preference. Under the name of *Mimulus roseus* it is described in seedsmen's catalogues where, also, will be found mentioned a variety of it called *pallidus*; another variety, *Mac lainianus*, has also been for some time in cultivation. *M. Lewisii* is a very useful and interesting perennial plant.

TOO CROWDED.

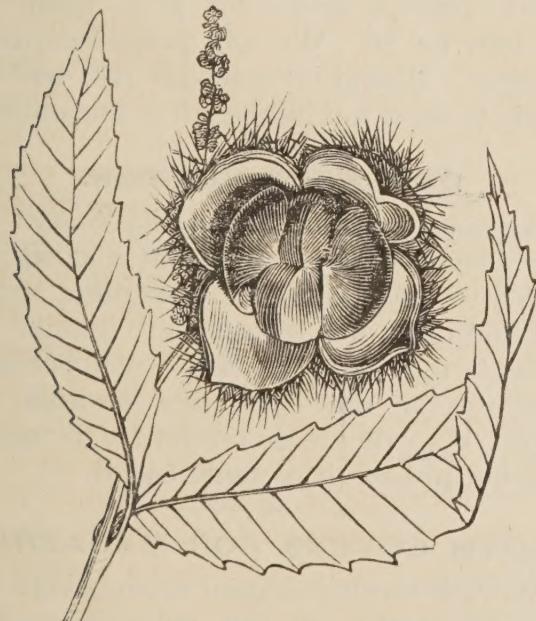
Lots of potatoes growing in a hill,
Crowded so closely they couldn't keep still;
"Lie over, lie over!" they said.



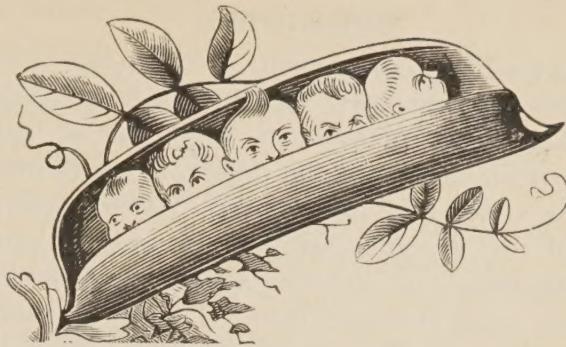
Nest full of eggs lying under a hen,
Waiting for chickens, they didn't know when;
"Lie over, lie over!" they said.



Shining brown chestnuts packed close in a burr,
How could they be happy unless they could stir?
"Lie over, lie over!" they said.



Pease in a pod growing larger each day,
And constantly getting in each other's way;
"Lie over, lie over!" they said.



Two little boys—only two—in a bed,
One spoke, (and the other went out on his head),
"Lie over, lie over!" he said.



The potatoes were dug and then sold in the town,
The chickens were hatched into wee lumps of down,
The nuts split their burr and fell down to the sod,
A ravenous cook shelled the pease from the pod,
A papa, aroused by unusual noise,
Had a petting and spatting for two little boys.

—“PROXY.”



SONNET.

There never yet was flower fair in vain,
Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
The seasons toil that it may blow again,
And summer's heart doth feel its every ill;
Nor is a true soul ever born for naught;
Wherever any such hath lived and died,
There hath been something for true freedom
wrought,
Some bulwark levelled on the evil side:
Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou would be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou wilt in all the world's ere long;
For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide
away.

—LOWELL.

PREMIUMS.

As a little compensation to those who labor among their neighbors in getting up clubs we propose to give one of our FLORAL CHROMOS, on paper, to every one who sends us a club of *Five Subscribers*; and for *Twelve Subscribers* one of our CHROMOS ON CLOTH AND STRETCHER, both sent postage free. To any person sending us *Twenty Subscribers* we will forward by express, expressage paid by us, one of our FLORAL CHROMOS NICELY FRAMED IN WALNUT AND GILT. All to be at club rates—\$1 each. Please select the chromo you wish, or, if you wish us to select for you, please state this fact.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1882.

This number completes the MAGAZINE for 1881. We design to make it better than ever next year. Many of our subscribers would do their neighbors a real good by getting them to subscribe for 1882. Only a DOLLAR a year for clubs of five, and eleven copies for \$10. There is more matter and more illustrations than you can purchase in any book for \$5. Send in names early, so that you may receive the first number before Christmas.

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We will bind the MAGAZINE in nice cloth covers, for any subscriber, for 50 cents, and return the book, with the postage or expressage prepaid by us. If subscribers will send us the numbers in season, we will have the volume bound and returned, if possible, before the Christmas holidays. Please give your name on the package when sent, so that we may know to whom it belongs.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1882.

Our FLORAL GUIDE for 1882 will be ready to send out in December. We design to send it to every subscriber as a holiday present. It will be a very handsome work, good enough for any one, and handsome enough for the parlor. If any one is accidentally omitted, please notify us by postal card.

NOT A BAD HOLIDAY PRESENT.

A subscription to our MAGAZINE would not be a bad holiday present. Our price is so low that we do not feel as though we were pleading our own cause when urging people to subscribe.

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This completes the FOURTH VOLUME of our MAGAZINE and the year 1881. It is quite probable, through some mistake, some numbers may not have been received, which will leave the volume incomplete. If this is so, please send us a postal card, stating what number you need, and it shall be forwarded. We will also replace, without charge, any number that may have been lost or damaged.

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Our colored plates are so handsome that many persons are tempted to take them out of the numbers of the MAGAZINE for framing. Please don't do it, for it spoils a handsome volume. We will send our subscribers any colored plate they desire, that has been published in the MAGAZINE, for FIVE CENTS each.

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Besides this MAGAZINE we publish VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, an elegant work, with numerous illustrations and six very beautiful colored plates—five of flowers and one of vegetables. It is a book of one hundred and seventy pages. Price, 50 cents bound in paper covers; \$1 bound in cloth.

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DECEMBER NUMBER.

A good many subscribers have sent us the eleven numbers of the MAGAZINE, to which we are to add the December number and bind and return the volume. It is likely that in some cases such persons will receive the December number by mail. If so, please do not return the number, but present it to some friend.

CLOTH COVERS FOR MAGAZINE.

We will furnish elegant cloth covers for the MAGAZINE, to our subscribers, for 25 cents each, and prepay postage. Any bookbinder can put on these covers at a trifling expense.

